



## Vase



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### Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

The small teal vase was an antique, with designs carved into it. The blue paint was flaky and faded, but it still looked salvageable. The woman cautiously picked it up and inspected it. It seemed to please her, and she brought it to the counter to buy.

"10.00."

The woman hesitated. Instead of handing a crisp 10 dollar bill to a man at the counter, she tried to lower the price, a trick she had learned to use at amateur garage sales like this one.

"How about 5.00? It looks a little dented right here," and she pointed to the small notch she had made with her finger nail.

The man, who had just wanted to get rid of a lot of garbage in the basement, and did not want to be out in the hot sun, accepted the offer and took the money, glad that another piece of junk was out of his way.

She drove home, pleased with herself, and the deal she had gotten on that vase. It would

brighten up her bookshelf, and she could even repaint it she wanted. Lisa knew all the tips on bargaining and deals, and all sorts of things. She had seen many knick-knacks owned by hundreds of people she would never know. As she pulled into the driveway, she had a good feeling about that vase, and she was going to get anymore good items.

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"Honey?"

"What," the man who had sold the teal vase said.

"Where's the vase that had Grandma Lou's ashes in it?"

The man instantly paled. He hadn't sold that vase, had he?

"It's blue, and some designs, and the paint is chipping."

"Oh no, oh no." He sat down on the porch stairs and almost passed out. He had sold the vase with his mother in law's ashes in it to some stranger. How could he have been so stupid?

Lisa grabbed the vase, and set it on her bookshelf. "Beautiful," she said to no one in particular. She turned away, and heard a thump. She looked over her shoulder to see her cat about to knock over the vase she had just bought.

It batted the vase with its paw before Lisa could say a word.

"I can't believe you sold my mother's ashes to some stranger for 10 DOLLARS!"

"Actually, she bargained me into selling it for five dol-"

His wife's anger landed on him like a laser beam.

"FIVE DOLLARS!?!?!"

"Well, it was kinda old..."

She groaned in disgust and stormed down the hallway.

"FIONA!" Lisa screamed at her cat as the vase fell, practically in slow motion.

It cracked into tiny pieces, and the clay scattered across the floor, along with some dark colored dust.

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"Are those... someone's ashes?"

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